

FRIENDS

Rody & I go back
48 years. We met
in my parents' house
on Henderson St
when his parents
came to visit.
What I remember
is diving under my
bed to retrieve a
favorite toy truck
that had rolled out
of reach & meeting
him face to face.
I let him play
with it because he
coveted it so much.
Later, sharing toys,
personal feelings
& beliefs, we
became friends.

TRICKED

Before we married,
I promised my sweetheart
I'd be somebody.
I was in flames
with desire: a
desire to love &
a desire to win
millions over to
my vision of truth.
I was very young
& hopes were high.
More than halfway
home, I still have
a passion to love,
but truth has tricked
me, skipping in & out
of my clever traps.

TRADE-OFF

I just smashed
two snails against
our redwood deck.
Normally I leave
them in peace,
but they're eating
petunia sprouts I
planted from seed.
I find myself
caught in an old,
old game: destroy
one to save another,
& it doesn't
set well.

EVER SO CLOSE

We each put in 20 bucks
& Ken hired a very attractive
stripper to perform at Tim's
retirement party. There were
13 of us, all survivors of
a public school system
steadily sinking into chaos.
I believe this gal looked
right into each of us. She
could see we were harmless
but needed reviving, & she
worked 60 minutes without
a break, teasing us with
her sensuous, naked body
(hey, she knew every position
I ever imagined) even letting
us touch lightly, determined
to rekindle our fading fire.
With some she did, some were
too embarrassed, a few,
seeing the absurdity of it,
laughed most of the time.
Tim was in heaven. She spent
most of her energy on him,
coming ever so close to
fulfilling his fantasies.

— Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA